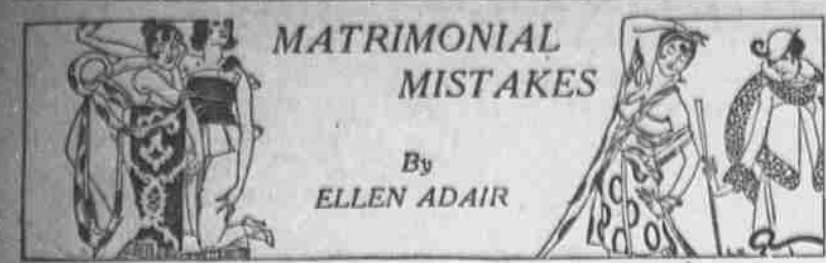


# CLUB NEWS, FASHIONS AND HOUSEKEEPING HINTS FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOME



## MATRIMONIAL MISTAKES

By ELLEN ADAIR

### The Wife Who Is Too Unselfish

Yes, there is such a creature as the too unselfish wife, though few husbands may admit the fact. But she is a woman with whom I have little sympathy. For the superfluity of a virtue may become nothing more nor less than a weakness and the woman who overdoes her unselfishness shows a flaw in character.

The wife who cheerfully resigns all her personal dues and rights always strikes me as colorless. She doesn't bother to assert herself. Probably she is a moral coward. In the lower classes she is a physical coward, afraid of personal violence on the part of some drunken husband. Almost always she is morally lazy, afraid to assert herself.

Every wife has a right to her own share in the pleasures and the relaxations of life. If she gives them up, then, in nine cases out of ten she is not only spoiling her own character, but she is ruining the character of those around, and particularly that of her husband.

"Yes, Mary is very unselfish," admitted a husband the other day. (It is somewhat rare for the average husband to admit any such thing, by the way.) "She really spoils the children and myself all the time. We are all the most helpless creatures without her, depending on her for everything."

Now, this man was quite well off, from the financial point of view, and could well have afforded a couple of maids to do the work of the house. But "Mary would not hear of it."

"John and the children would die of indigestion if I didn't do the cooking for them," she asserted solemnly. "And you know, too, how particular John is about everything he eats. Instead of lunching in town he always motors home for his midday meal."

"But doesn't that tie you down to the kitchen dreadfully?" I asked.

"Well, yes, it does," was the answer; "but I don't mind. He likes certain things for lunch that take a very long time to prepare, so I spend all my mornings in the kitchen. I've always done that, and it would hurt John very much if I let him lunch in town now, like his other men friends."

John certainly was selfish—but, on investigating things, one could see that he had drifted into it through his wife's servile attitude.

"Don't you like motoring?" I asked one Saturday, when John and the three

children had just set off on a pleasure trip. "Oh, yes, I'm crazy about it," the little wife replied quickly. "But, then, the children are so fond of it that I don't like to take up one of their seats. The car only holds four comfortably, and the children don't like to be crushed. So I seldom go out in the car."

So this woman was not only ruining the disposition of her husband by her unselfishness, but thoroughly spoiling her children, too. As I had fully expected, they proved to be selfish, exacting, thoughtless little things, bent on their own pleasure and heedless of their mother's drab existence. "Give up" was a phrase they could not adequately comprehend. Never in their petted lives had they been called upon to give up anything.

"Mother will do that," was the invariable cry. "Mother will stay at home. Mother will write that exercise for me. Mother will pay that bill."

And mother invariably did. That was the pity of it. Therein lay the ruin of the family.

The eldest daughter wanted a new dress for a party. Only one day remained till the great event. There was scarcely time to make one at home—and, besides, she couldn't sew well. There was no necessity, for mother always did everything.

"Oh, mamma," she would cry, "can't you coax father to let me have money for this dress today, and I'll run into town and get it right away?"

"No, dear," said mother quickly; "don't bother father about money. I'll make the dress for you tonight."

And she did. She sat up all night long to make that gown, and it looked beautiful. But her eldest daughter barely thanked her. Certainly her husband didn't.

"You look very pale and seedy today, Mary," he said at lunch in an injured tone. "I can't think how you've lost all your pretty color and how you've grown so haggard looking! I'm sure you have everything you want here. By the way, this lunch is miserably cooked today."

And "Mary" said nothing. She didn't even explain that she had been up all night sewing, ruining her own health and looks in order to save him spending money.

The wife who acts like this is foolish, and her only reward lies in being finally regarded as a nonentity and a cipher in her own family circle.



SMART COSTUMES FOR THE FANCY DRESS DANCE

## JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAVER MORRIS Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor."

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harptree School, of which John Erleigh is headmaster. John and Anne are engaged to be married. Lord Arthur Merlet, uncle of Guy Wimberley, warns John that there is a plot to put the boy out of the way. Dick Merlet, a cousin, and his line for the inheritance of the great Wimberley estates, is concerned in the plot. The other plot is to marry Guy to a girl named Mary Travers, who has a hold on John Erleigh, and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs. Travers was deserted by the man she loved, and this was an accident. Mrs. Travers does not know that her own brother killed the father of her child, James. James Travers falls in love with Guy's sister Joan. In an automobile accident he saves her life, but loses his right hand, and his career as a pianist.

CHAPTER XVII—(Continued)

"That will do—this matter must be cleared up—at once—of course, there has been some mistake—a cruel mistake," she explained—she is so fond of Anne—of course, she could not do anything to injure Anne."

Lord Arthur came to his side and caught him roughly by the arm. "You'd better go to bed," he exclaimed. "And get a night's rest. You were up all last night."

"I can sleep in the train," "They'll wonder where you have gone—the police, I mean; I shall have to explain."

"You can say I've gone to look for the boy," Erleigh answered dreamily. He seemed dazed—almost half asleep. "Come, you'd better rest. You can tackle the job with more chance of success if you get some rest. Your sister is a clever woman—you will need to have your wits about you."

Erleigh freed his arms with a sharp movement and faced Lord Arthur Merlet. "Do you suppose I could rest?" he said. "I'm going to see my sister, and when I have proved these lies to be false I'll deal with Vertigan—and you—and Dick Merlet."

He left the room, walking unsteadily like a drunken man. A few minutes later the inspector called, and Lord Arthur said that Erleigh had gone to London.

"Why's that?" queried Mr. Russell. "What's the sense in that?"

"Got some idea in his head—about the boy—wants to make inquiries himself. Thought it best to let him go. He'll be back tomorrow. Any news?"

"None, my lord—I mean nothing definite."

Grace Travers had barely finished her breakfast when the servant entered the room and told her that her brother had called to see her.

"My dear Jack," he exclaimed, rising to greet him. "What an hour to call!" and then, as she saw his haggard face and sunken eyes, she paused. "What is the matter?" she faltered. "What has happened?"

He closed the door before he answered her. Then he said quietly, "Wimberley has run away from school, and looked hard at her face to see how she took the news."

"Guy Wimberley?" she stammered.

"Run away? Oh, my dear Jack, how terrible! But, of course, you'll find him."

He took off his overcoat and laid it on a chair. Then he looked at her again without speaking.

"My dear Jack," she said in a low voice, "this is awful for you; but what are you doing here—why have you come to see me?"

"I want you to tell me where he is," was the surprising reply.

"Where—Guy Wimberley—is Jack, you must be mad. How should I know?"

He looked at her long and steadily with his burning eyes. She faced him bravely, and then, after a moment's silence, laughed.

"You are behaving very oddly, Jack," she said—"very oddly indeed. I expect you're done up—your poor old chap; you'd better sit down and have some breakfast. I'll get some coffee made for you, and some eggs and bacon—or there is some cold chicken—I dare say you'd rather have that. Then you must tell me everything—perhaps I may be able to suggest some line that you keep looking at me like that?"

"Where is the boy?" he said hoarsely. "What have Vertigan and Dick Merlet done with him?"

"Mr. Vertigan," she queried. "Dick Merlet," Jack, you said just now that Guy had run away."

"You know that he has not run away. You know that these two scoundrels—Grace, for heaven's sake help me to get the boy back. If anything were to happen to him my life would be ruined."

"—really, I do not understand, Jack." He caught at her arm and gripped it tightly.

"You lie," he shouted. "You are in this one of the game—Lord Arthur has told me—he knows all about you—I'm not going to talk of that now—you've got to find the boy and bring him back to me—or you'll go to prison. Do you understand that? Prison—not the sort of place you'd care for at all."

"Are you mad?" she said, struggling to free herself from the grip of his fingers. "What was it for?" he said. "Money. I suppose—or did Vertigan threaten to tell every one that you had never been married? Why have you fallen so low?"

"Jack," she said pitifully, "give me a chance to defend myself. You must be reasonable—what are the charges against me?"

He let go of her and she staggered backward into a chair. Then he told her what Lord Arthur had told him, almost word for word.

"Is that all?" she said. "Is it not enough?"

"That I happened to be at St. Pancras the day an attempt was made to carry off young Wimberley? That I happened to know Dick Merlet? That I am acquainted with Mr. Vertigan—one of your masters? Is that all?"

"Is that enough?" he said harshly. But he knew that it was not enough, that it was, in fact, very little indeed.

"Why, you have not even proof that this man Vertigan or that Dick Merlet has anything to do with Guy's disappearance," she continued.

"No, but you shall give us the proof. You know—"

She laughed. "Upon my word, Jack, one would not believe you were an educated man."

"Do you deny that you know all about this hideous affair?"

"Of course I deny it."

"Then you know Dick Merlet? Do you deny that?"

"I do happen to know him," she said. "I do not care for him. I have not seen him for some time. I don't suppose I shall ever see him again. Now look here, Jack, if you like to believe that your sister is a vile woman—"

"Lord Arthur believes it," he broke in roughly, and there is enough evidence to convince Lady Wimberley. Of course, I can never marry her now."

"I see," she said slowly. "It is the thought of that which is troubling you. Now, look here, Jack, you must be sensible. We've got to find the boy. That's the chief thing. I'll do all I can

for you, but you mustn't get into your head that I know anything about Guy's disappearance. It's quite likely that this fellow Vertigan has something to do with it. You admitted that the man had you in his power. Perhaps that is why he came to Harptree."

She smiled as she looked at him. Instead of troubling to defend herself any further, she had chosen to attack him. He could not meet the inquiring look in her eyes.

"Perhaps," she went on, "he is in an impregnable position. Supposing he were to come to you tomorrow and say to you, 'I know where Wimberley is, but I do not choose to tell you.' What would you do?"

"What should I do?" Erleigh echoed. "Yes. Would you dare to hand him over to the police, knowing that he could ruin you and ruin the school—sweep away your life work with a few words?"

He was silent, and then suddenly the truth broke in upon him. His sister had been mixed up in this plot to abduct Lord Wimberley. She had threatened to betray her accomplices. Vertigan had told her that if she betrayed him he would ruin her brother; Vertigan had never asked her to be his wife.

"You are mixed up in this!" he stammered. "I see it all now. You wished to get out of it when I—I became engaged to Lady Wimberley. Vertigan came to me the other day—with that story about his having proposed to you—I quite understand."

She did not speak. Her face was very white, and she looked down at the fire.

"Grace," he said fiercely, "do you think I'd let my own interests stand in the way? For Heaven's sake, if you know anything that will help me to find young Wimberley, tell me."

"I know nothing," she answered in a low voice. "I cut myself off from them—some time ago."

"But you knew that they intended to take the boy away. You can come forward and give that evidence to the police."

"I could do so if I choose."

"And you do not choose to do so?"

"I do not. If you take me into court I shall perjure myself."

"Why?"

"Because my evidence would not help you to find young Wimberley, and it would destroy you—completely."

"Do not think of me—put me aside," she shook her head. "My dear Jack," she said, "you have behaved very decently to me—all my life. Do you think I'm going to smash you up? I'm not even as if my doing so would help you to find Wimberley. You and Lord Arthur have already suspected Vertigan and Dick Merlet. I can't help you to bring the crime home to them. I know nothing about this affair at all—absolutely nothing. You had better tell me all you know."

He told her, as briefly as possible. When he had finished she said:

"It's possible that Vertigan and Merlet have nothing to do with it—I suppose that hasn't occurred to you."

He made light of the suggestion, and once more began to entreat her to come forward and tell the police what she knew about Vertigan and Merlet. But she was resolute, and would not give way an inch. An hour later he left her. He could not afford to waste any more time. But he had quite made up his mind that he would force her to speak the truth—even if the telling of it branded him as a murderer in the eyes of all the world.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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Fowl Secrets

Orange salad is best served with roast chicken, celery sauce with quail and currant jelly with roast goose.

Care of the Oven

If when you are baking anything the oven gets too hot, put in a basin of water instead of leaving the door open.



## A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

### A War Masquerade

We all had the greatest fun last night at the fancy dress dance, given by Mrs. Landis at her country home. Amy saw to it that we all started off in the motors in lots of time.

When we arrived there quite a crowd of people had gathered from far and near. Some of the costumes were very elaborate and looked dreadfully expensive, but we heard afterward that the great majority of them were home-made!

Some of the men looked splendid. We had the Kaiser, the Czar of Russia, the President of France and George Washington with us!

One pretty girl looked very attractive as a Belgian nun. She was supposed to be acting as Red Cross nurse, too, and wore a costume of black nun's veiling, with a long, floating veil of the same material. Her face and head were draped in white linen, and, as her features were rather classical, she looked stunning.

The tall, fair-haired girl who was dressed as a Russian peasant was a great success. Her skirt was of turkey red, trimmed with blue velvet bands and gold embroidery. The loose white blouse she wore was relieved with rows of various-colored beads, and the little apron was embroidered with red and gold. She wore her long, fair hair in two plaits, one over each shoulder, and by the number of men who crowded around her one could see that she was very greatly admired.

Amy went as an Arabian Nights lady, and looked lovely.

I flatter myself that my costume was rather unique, and, thanks to the clever fingers of Amy's maid, it turned out quite satisfactorily. I called myself "L'Estimée Cordiale," and wore a red, white and blue skirt, with a white crepe de chine blouse, half-hidden by flags.

The dance really was a very great success, and everybody enjoyed the affair immensely.

## PRIZES OFFERED DAILY!

The Editor of the Woman's Page offers readers of the EVENING LEDGER a number of daily prizes for original ideas and helpful suggestions. These may deal with any subject which is of general interest to women, and include:

- Ways of Making Extra Money,
- Entertainments and Parties,
- Saving Devices,
- Management of Children,
- Sickroom Suggestions,
- Labor-saving Devices,
- Household Helps,
- Renovation of Clothes,
- Home Decoration,
- Educational Hints,

and a wide variety of topics not indicated.

Ideas and suggestions should not exceed 150 words in length, and only one suggestion should be dealt with in each article submitted. This should be written clearly on one side of the paper only, and in every case the name and address in full of sender should be given. If the latter does not desire his or her name to be published in the paper, a request to that effect should be added, and a non-de-plume given.

The decision of the Editor of the Woman's Page shall in every case be regarded as final. She will select those suggestions which she considers of the most practical value, and will award several prizes daily, ranging from \$1 to 50 cents. EVERY SUGGESTION PUBLISHED WILL RECEIVE A PRIZE.

Envelopes should be addressed to

"ELLEN ADAIR,"

Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, and should have the word "Suggestion" written in the top left-hand corner.

## Pork Season Now Open

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Author of "The New Housekeeper."

Country dwellers know that this is pig-sticking time, and that the farmers are killing their hogs. This means or should mean that pork can be bought at a lower price, since this is the season of its prime.

It is also the season when pork is most wholesome, as winter cold will digest adequately the fat and rich meat which the stomach cannot so easily handle in warmer weather.

The prejudice that pork is unwholesome is rapidly disappearing, and while not as suitable for frequent consumption as beef or mutton it offers a desirable change in the winter diet. Even at the fairly high price prevailing pork compares favorably with mutton in price, because while mutton fat cannot be used in cooking every particle of pork drippings can be utilized.

One of the best cuts of pork at this season, quite unknown to many housekeepers, is "a fresh ham." This is the hind leg before it is smoked. It usually weighs from 7 to 12 pounds, and is best when roasted. The meat then tastes quite like chicken, and if sliced very thin can deceive even the best of us. The meat is tender, white and of a much more delicate flavor than other pieces. It is an economical cut, because any left-overs can be used in a great number of ways.

For those who like the smoked taste, the regulation ham is always in season. What cannot be done with a slice of ham? In these high-price days even "ham and" is not to be despised. And broiled, baked, boiled, minced or grated, every vestige of a ham can be used up. No other meat imparts such a nut-like flavor, so that it is par excellence (together with bacon) the meat to cook with other foods less full of flavor. A slice of ham laid over mut-

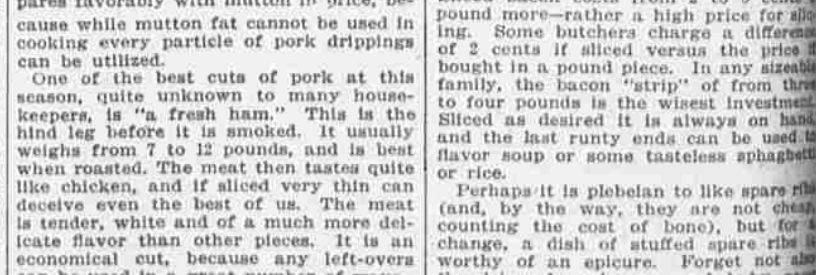
ton chops, a few slices of bacon added to fish, in fact, bacon or ham whenever it is desired.

If the Great American Frying Pan has committed no other sin, it has robbed us of a knowledge of the right way to cook bacon. Not fried, ah, no, but baked, yes, baked is the best way to serve bacon.

Lay it on a narrow grid, place in a baking pan in the oven in a moderate heat, turn but once, and your bacon will be evenly cooked, not fried or burnt, with all the delicate streaking of lean and fat retained.

When you buy bacon, beware! Do not fall a prey to the "ready sliced" evil. Any woman who cannot slice her own bacon and keep on hand a knife sharp enough for the purpose should give up her job. Sliced bacon costs from 2 to 3 cents a pound—rather a high price for slicing. Some butchers charge a difference of 2 cents if sliced versus the price bought in a pound piece. In any sizeable family, the bacon "strip" of from three to four pounds is the wisest investment.

What a waste of money! But what a waste of food! What an ample dish for eight people at the cost of about 60 cents. There are three pork tenderloins so delicious and pork chops which deserve much better cooking methods, and a long list of pork delicacies now in season which the housewife should investigate.



## WINTER RESORTS

Ledger Central will supply you with full information about winter resorts in any section of the country. Tell you exact locations, seasons, attractions and facilities for recreation or rest. Give you particulars regarding train schedules and connections, sailing dates of steamship lines for any port, Pullman and boat accommodations, cost of travel and hotel rates en route and at resorts.

This service is entirely without charge. Simply call at the

BALCONY

## LEDGER CENTRAL

Broad and Chestnut Sts.

## AT THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

Today, at 3 o'clock, the Literature and Art section of the Philomusian Club, 394 Walnut street, will hold a meeting. Mrs. William P. Davis, Jr., is the chairman of this section. A most interesting feature will be the reading of an original play, "The Woman and the Fiddler," by Mrs. Herman Sandby, with incidental music, composed by Herman Sandby, and played by Mary Miller Mount.

On Wednesday morning the Current Events section of the Philomusian Club will meet under the leadership of Miss Sara C. Collins, and it will be addressed by Bishop Berry on "The Campaign for Righteousness."

The Hospitality Committee, of which Mrs. Henry D. Jump is chairman, will give a club supper on Thursday evening at 6:30, at which club members and their friends will be present. An informal dance will follow.

On Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, the next regular meeting of the Botanical Society of Pennsylvania will be held at Botanical Hall. The program will include "A Review of Current Botanical Literature," by Dr. Marion Makensie, and some recent studies of myricaceae with lantern slide illustrations, by H. W. Youngken. William R. Davis will show a collection of myxomycetes recently presented to the University of Pennsylvania.

On Saturday the society will have a tramp along Valley Forge neighborhood. Members of the New Century Guild will present a humorous sketch, entitled "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone," on Saturday evening of this week. Miss Lillian Drobny is chairman of this affair.

Tomorrow evening, at 8 o'clock, Dr. James Joseph Walsh, of New York, will deliver a lecture on "What We Don't Know About Heredity," under the auspices of the Organization Committee of the Catholic students of the University of Pennsylvania, at Houston Hall. Doctor Walsh is well known by his numerous books and is a graduate of Fordham University. He received his degree in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania, and is medical editor of the New York Herald.

Tomorrow, from 4 to 6, Mrs. Carol R. Williams will be at home to members of the Plastic Club, at 378 Chestnut street. Mrs. Williams' delightful studio will be thrown open on this occasion, and the artist will find it a rare treat.

Mrs. Hauffer Oliver has completed the play for the Plastic Club Rabbit, which is to be held on January 20 at the clubhouse, 36 South Camac street.

The Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania announces a course of 15 free public lectures in French on "Le Drame Romantique," by Professor Pierre P. Giroud, special lecturer at Johns Hopkins University, Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania. These will be given on Thursday afternoons, from January 28 to April 1, at 4 o'clock. Professor Giroud's first subject will be "Le Pre-Romantisme."

Today, at 2 o'clock, a reading of American composers will be given before the Women's Club of Swarthmore.

On Saturday, at 2:30 o'clock, the Executive Committee of the "Neighbors," of Haddonfield, will meet.

At 3 o'clock, general secretary of the Society for Organizing Charity, will deliver an address this afternoon, at 3 o'clock, before the New Century Club of Norwood.

Mrs. Samuel Temple will address the Saturday Club of Wayne, today at 3. The Century Club of Norwood will hold a business meeting tomorrow at 8.

Mrs. James M. Marshall and Mrs. O. E. Marshall will be the hostesses at a luncheon to be given Thursday afternoon, at 2:30, for members of the City Club and their friends.

The Junior Section, Young Men's Club, will meet at 8 o'clock.

Century Club, will be held this afternoon at 3:30, when articles will be made.

The program of the meeting of the Hathaway Club, to be held on Friday, January 15, at the Philomusian Club, at 2:30, will include the following: An introduction will be read by Mrs. Mary Carroll Dowell, then a paper, "The Crusade Against Greed," by Mrs. George Parry. "The Song of the Shirt" will be recited by Mrs. Herman Harvey; "The Crusade Against Impurity" will be read by Mrs. Thomas Rafferty; "The Cry of the Children" will be recited by Mrs. Ariel Lee. After this will follow a debate. Resolved, That Prohibition Will be added to the fund for building the new clubhouse, and the affair is under the direction of Miss Olive Shreiner.

Mrs. A. J. Gilmour will be the chairman of a meeting of the Mothers' Club of Bradford, which will be held at Friend's Schoolhouse, Penn and Orthodox streets, tomorrow at 3. The executive board of the Women's Club of Ardmore will meet on Friday afternoon at 3.

The Pennsylvania Press Association will meet at 3 o'clock on Thursday evening. The speakers will be Dr. M. A. Warlow and Miss Ida Turner. Miss Emma Miller will give a brief history of the College Settlement, its aims and ambitions. Two songs by Miss Margaret Warlow and Miss May McFeely will complete the program.

The New Century Club of Chester will hold "An Afternoon in Birdland" this afternoon. This will be illustrated by songs and calls of the birds by Edward A. Via.

Mrs. Frank K. Hyatt will be in charge of the musicals to be given on Tuesday, January 19, at 8 o'clock. The program will include John Wilson, baritone; Miss Dorothy Power, harpist; a song cycle, "Captives Memories," Ethelbert Nevin, soprano; Mrs. Frank K. Hyatt; James McIntyre, tenor; Mrs. Knowles Evans, contralto, and reader, Miss Ethel Walworth.

The Philadelphia section, Council of Jewish Women, will hold its annual entertainment today at 8 o'clock at Mercantile Hall, Broad and Master streets.

At the Century Club of Norwood a business meeting to be held tomorrow will end with musical selections. Miss Minnie Bough and Robert G. Needler will give piano and violin solos.

The hostesses at the Monday afternoon tea at the College Club yesterday were Miss Nathalie Wilson, of Yassar; Miss Jonathan Steers